

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 150.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1854.

{ PRICE 1d.
{ STAMPED 2d.



THE FARMER PAYING PAUL'S APPRENTICESHIP FEE.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER'S SON.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE day following my escape I ran on, endeavouring to appease my hunger with the nuts and black-

No. 150, 1854.

berries I gathered in the woods. Just as the sun was sinking behind the summit of the mountain, I saw at a little distance a substantial farm-house. Want compelled me to go and ask for something to eat. An immense dog, that was chained up,

z z

flew at me, barking furiously as I approached the door. At a well in the court-yard stood the farmer's wife. On hearing the violent barking of the dog, she looked around and saw me, and in a gentle tone of voice asked, "What do you want?"

"I am so hungry," said I, crying bitterly.

"Come in; the dog won't hurt you."

I gladly accepted the good-natured invitation, and was richly feasted in the kitchen, where I sat by the hearth. The kind woman entered into conversation with me. I told her everything, even the last terrible event. Now, indeed, looking back at the past, I see that my desertion of my post was an improper act, and that I ought to have remained at it at all consequences, trusting, as I had meant no evil, to Providence to shield me from harm; but my fear, I confess to my sorrow, overcame me and made me a coward. She listened to me with great compassion, and then said, "You certainly have done wrong; but still I can very well understand that you were tempted to run away. What do you intend to do now?" continued the good dame.

"Oh, indeed, I don't know," I exclaimed; and the recollection of my poor old mother made me so sad that I could not refrain from weeping bitterly. The good woman had also tears in her eyes. After a little while she said, "Do you think you can take care of sheep?"

"Oh yes," said I.

"Will you be honest and diligent, and not run away again?" she asked.

"Oh no! only keep me, and I will gladly eat dry bread, and do all you require of me. God will reward you for it."

"My husband is now from home, but he will return to-night. You may stop here now, and perhaps you will remain with us."

This was like a message from heaven. Later in the evening the man and maid came back from cutting oats. They looked at me inquisitively. When the mistress said that she would speak to her husband to let me stop as shepherd, the man laughed and sneered. "He'll make a fine shepherd! Our master must keep a labourer to carry his crook, and the ram will run away with him on his horns."

I was silent, and the farmer's wife reproved the man for his impertinence. I was lying in the loft on some hay when I heard a cart drive in. This was the farmer come back.

In the morning, by daybreak, I was up and about. Everything was quiet in the house. I placed myself at the door. It was soon opened by the farmer, a stout, well-looking man, as good-natured as his wife.

"What you are up already, are you, little fellow?" he said with surprise. "My wife has been talking to me about you. I have no objection to try you. I have twelve wethers. Come, I will show them to you." And he did so.

"Shall I drive them to the pasture?" I asked.

"Stop," said he, "you have not had your breakfast. But if you like, I will give you something to eat, and then show you where to drive them."

He accordingly gave me an abundant supply, and I immediately took up the shepherd's crook, let the sheep out, and followed him to the gate. The meadows were at some distance, and I drove

them there by his directions. "Ah! Hownow," I often said, with a sigh, "if you were but with me, I should be perfectly happy."

At noon a maid-servant brought me my dinner, and the first day of my new office passed very happily; then in the evening the farmer said, "Paul, you may stay with us."

"As I have not yet made up a bed," said the kind mistress, "I wish you to sleep another night in the hay-loft. To-morrow you shall have a regular bed." Then, turning to her husband, she said: "Peter, I think God will bless us for taking in this boy." He nodded assent, but George, the oldest man-servant, said in a low voice, but so that I could hear him, "We must take care, or this beggar boy will turn out a hornet to us." The others looked their acquiescence with malicious glances at me; but what cause had I given them?

In my loft I fervently thanked God that I had found so good a home. I vowed to serve the good people faithfully and uprightly. My last thoughts were of Hownow as I fell asleep. It must have been towards morning that I dreamed that Hownow was come, and was seeking for me. I thought that I heard him whimpering at the door of the barn, upon which the farm dog came up and attacked him. In the midst of this dream a shot was fired, and I started up. I heard voices below; the farmer scolded some one, and then all was still. For a long time I could not fall asleep again. The dream frightened me very much. Sleep at last overcame me, and I did not wake again till it was full daylight. When I came down, the farmer said, "Take care of the dog; he has been bitten by a fierce dog which came into the yard early this morning. The gate was left unfastened."

My dream recurred to me, and I exclaimed, "Oh! if it should have been Hownow."

"Do you mean your dog, which the herdsman's wife shut up? It may be. He lies in front there; I shot him." My knees trembled. I felt myself turn deadly pale, but I could not move. "Go and see," said the farmer, looking at me with great compassion. "Come, I will go with you." We went. Yes, there lay Hownow, the faithful creature. He was dead. The benevolent man stood behind me much affected. "If I had thought it could have been your dog, I would not have done it."

My grief knew no bounds. No one laughed but George, and the master severely reproved him, and allowed me to be undisturbed while I dug a grave for him under the great apple-tree near the yard gate. There I could always see it. I could eat nothing. I drove my sheep out, and this day, like many that followed, was a day of sorrow.

What embittered my mind also was that I could not help looking at the death of my poor companion as in some degree a consequence of my having departed from what was the right course. Had I but remained at my post and explained the accident to Hannes, whatever else had happened, Hownow would still have been my companion. Ah! how sorrow is deepened when it comes attended with the recollection of any misconduct on our own part!

There was no creature on earth that loved me. But I possessed one thing that I certainly valued.

It was the silk handkerchief; and often, as I sat weeping in the field, I fancied that the young lady must have taken some interest in me, as she had bound up my wound with her own handkerchief. Young as I was, it was no romantic feeling of love that passed through my mind; it was the recollection of a kindness performed to one who had none on earth who seemed to care for him.

My boyish joy seemed to be at an end. When I went out, my eye fell upon Hownow's grave; when I returned, I again saw it, and then came again the reproach that by my flight I was guilty of his death.

The farmer and his wife were very kind to me. Not so the servants, however. I avoided having anything to do with them, and went on with my own duties, quietly seeking to serve my master and mistress with all my might. The two little children were also fond of me. George and the other domestics, when they saw this, called me a "tell-tale," and other disagreeable names. If the master found them out in doing anything amiss, and blamed them, I was accused of having told him, even if I knew nothing about it. There was indeed much which I could have told, for George had many low tricks, and stole the wine, besides creeping out of the house at night; and my conscience often urged me to speak, but I had neglected its voice on a former occasion, and now I had not the courage, I grieve to say, for he threatened to knock me down dead if I spoke. Everything that was broken was said to be broken by me; all mischief was laid to my charge. I bore it all quietly, but I forgot that a continual dropping wears the hardest stone. I gradually became aware that the farmer and his wife were not so kind to me as formerly, and I threatened that I would no longer bear the blame of everything in silence; and in answer to George's "Remember what I have said to you, you beggar boy, and hold your tongue," I replied, "Then take care you do not force me to speak." This was an unlucky speech. I did not know that a plan was concocting for my ruin, the execution of which was committed to the wicked George.

We lived not very far from the great city of Frankfort. I had often expressed a wish to go there at the time of the fair, of which I had heard so much. The farmer sold his fattened oxen and other stock there. At the Easter fair he had a great deal of money to receive, and intended to go there himself. I asked him to take me with him, and he consented to do so. I therefore dressed myself in my handsome new clothes, and we set out on a fine morning at daybreak. George drove us. "Don't come back late," said the mistress, who well knew that her husband was in the habit, on such occasions, of sitting far too long at his glass. "You had better stop there all night. I shall expect you early in the morning."

He smiled, and our two splendid horses started off. I enjoyed the journey exceedingly; and how I was astonished when I saw the great city, the fine houses, the crowds of people, and the number of toys. I wished to see and examine everything.

In the course of my wanderings I came to a part called the Braunfels, the thousand wonders of which threw me into ecstasies. As I stood quite

lost in surprise before a booth resplendent with gold and silver, some ladies came to the same place to make some purchases. I should not have remarked them if the tone of one voice had not instantly attracted my attention. I turned round quickly, and not far from me stood the kind young lady of the wood, whose silk handkerchief I was then wearing as a neckcloth. She was indeed much grown since then, and was becoming a blooming young woman; but I should have known her among a thousand. I should like to have expressed my gratitude to her, but that would not have been proper. She did not notice me, but on her looking first cursorily and then fixedly at the handkerchief, I blushed and cast my eyes down. When I gained courage to look up again, she nodded to me kindly, as if she had recognised me. The elder lady at that moment took her hand and drew her away. I saw her no more, but her picture was impressed on my heart. I stood for some time fixed to the spot, till I was roughly desired to move on. Ashamed that my reverie was noticed, I returned to the inn, whence we were appointed to start at six precisely. But seven, eight, nine came, and the farmer was still in the tap-room; and when at last the horses would stand no longer, and we had succeeded in getting him into the wagon, he was so drunk that I was obliged to hold him up. He soon fell asleep with his full weight leaning on me, while George drove like a madman. It was three o'clock in the morning when we arrived at the court-yard.

Early in the morning, as I afterwards learned, George went to our mistress and said, "Have you looked after master's money? I have a misgiving."

"Of what?" she asked.

"On the road I looked round once, and observed that Paul had his fingers in master's pocket, and this morning as I was unloading the cart there lay this new dollar in the straw. That did not look well. Besides the gold in his belt,* master put ten dollars like this into his pocket. He will know how much he took with him, and if the other nine are safe, may I be forgiven for my suspicion." Saying this, he went away, but the farmer's wife called him back, and said, "George, do you think that Paul can have robbed my husband?"

"I think nothing about it," said he, laughing spitefully; "but ask master, and then if anything is missing, look in Paul's bed, or among his clothes, or anywhere you like." He then left her in a state of uneasiness.

I slept the sleep of a good conscience; and having had the fatigue of supporting the drunken man the whole way home, was so weary that I was unluckily not up in good time. It was late when George called out furiously, "Come down, you lazy loon; are you going to sleep till noon?" I sprang out of bed, and found it was already eight o'clock. When I came down, everything appeared wrong with me. The mistress did not answer to my good morning; the farmer forbade my driving the sheep out after I had my break-

* It is the custom in Germany for travellers and others carrying about a large sum of money to place it inside a double leather or linen belt, which is buckled round the person under the clothes.

fast, and ordered me to fodder the cattle in the stalls; the maid-servants and George laughed provokingly, and whispered mysteriously. I thought, and thought again, but could find no cause for this odd conduct. Presently, two strange men rode up and went into the house. When I attempted at length to go into the field, I was suddenly seized by the collar, and, turning round, I found it was George, whose face was laughing with satanic joy.

"What are you holding me for?" I exclaimed, and endeavoured to force myself from his grasp.

"Aha," he cried, "the bird means to fly, does he, as he did from the poor herdsman? But this time you'll not find it so easy. You are caught now, you thief."

He shouted, and another man came up, and together they bound me. The farmer came out of the house door, his face crimson with rage. They dragged me into the room, where the two men were sitting writing. I was so confused by all that had happened that I did not utter a word. Everything had been a riddle to me hitherto; but when the strange man read out what the farmer had stated, I heard that I was accused of having picked his pocket on the road home of nine dollars, which had been found in my bed. I was overwhelmed; but I took courage, knowing my innocence, and called upon God, who knoweth all things, to witness that I knew nothing about the things which they laid to my charge. This, however, did not satisfy the man. He, indeed, wrote down every word I said, but he thought that this was only one of those tricks which he experienced every day among the rogues he had to do with. After ordering that I should be locked up in a safe place, he closed his report. I was hurried out and locked up in the shed, where I was left till noon, exposed to the bitter taunts of the servants as they passed by. After the two men had eaten and drank, I was handcuffed and led out. My reiterated assurances that I was innocent and my tears were alike in vain. I was carried off, followed by the reproaches and evil auguries of the farm people.

I cannot describe the state of my mind. A thousand times I wished that I was with my old mother, out of the way of the evil that was brought upon me by the wickedness of men to whom I had done no wrong. This turn of my thoughts led me in the right direction. I looked above the black injustice of men to the Father in heaven. I thought of the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass;" and remembered the beautiful hymn:—

"Let the Lord do what he will,
Patient I will hold me still,
Till he bid my sorrow cease."

Thus comfort was imparted to my soul under the heaviest dispensation of my life.

When we reached the little town where the magistrate lived, I was committed to prison. At first I seemed in the dark cell like a blind man; but gradually the objects around me became more distinct, and I distinguished two men lying on a bench, who I thought might be innocent like myself, and I congratulated myself on not being

alone in this gloomy place. I leaned quietly against a corner, and anxiously considered my misfortune. After some time, one of the men raised himself, and said, in accents that pierced my heart: "Welcome, my boy, welcome; it is always a pleasure to me when I see a young candidate for the gallows, for then I feel that the noble race will not become extinct, and that he will do something worth talking about before he is hanged. There are dabbles enough at our trade, but few master rogues. Look you, my boy, I began at your age, and may boast of being an adept at my trade. First I stole fruit. My father thought that all boys did this, and took no notice. Then I took odd things at the fair, and was fortunate. Then I learnt to pick people's pockets. At last I took to housebreaking, which, however, means nothing more than making doors where there are none. As this turned out well, I grew bold, forgot the robber's maxim, and am lodged here. I think, though, that the hemp is not yet sown which is to make my halter."

A cold shiver ran down my back. I shuddered at such profligacy. "What have you filched?" said he. Horror deprived me of speech, and, after waiting in vain for an answer, he continued: "Bravo! my little fellow; you'll do. If you can hold your tongue in this way, you will make a first-rate villain. The second rule is, confess nothing. I'll bet my nose against a thimble—you must know that I am a tailor by trade—that every man who has the ill-luck to be hanged is innocent; that is, does not acknowledge himself to be guilty. And why should he? Look you, every man has his own private conscience, which nobody else has any right to pry into. You keep true to your principle, and you will never endanger your neck."

"I wish you had been hung long ago, you prating knave," said his companion.

"Peter," said the first speaker, "don't be a fool; you know that this is not a hanging matter, and if it were, it would be easy to cheat the gallows. So, then, you must know I was once a schoolmaster; teaching is quite at my finger's-ends, and it is just out of an inborn love for hopeful young people that I take delight in it. This little chap gives promise of excellence. If you would hold your tongue as he does, we should not be here about a couple of dollars which we—"

"What!" cried the other, "you know that you put them into my shoes."

"And where else should I have put them, you honest good man? If you had let me get off, I would have buried them, and we should not have been found out. You are such a faint-hearted wretch, that when you have done something worth doing you immediately turn round and repent of it."

The two rascals would soon have seized one another by the throat if the gaoler had not very fortunately come in to bring me some straw. I laid myself down on it, commended myself to God's keeping, and stuck my fingers into my ears, in order not to hear their reckless conversation; but I could not sleep. I was mentally tortured by what the felon had said. I saw how easy it is to tread the path of crime, and how it drags one

down to ruin. Could such a man ever become a traveller towards heaven? I fervently prayed that the Lord would keep me in his own ways.

The next day I was brought up for examination. The magistrate was a man in whom one could immediately feel confidence. I told him everything that I had experienced at the farm. He listened attentively, asked questions, and wrote a good deal. "Then this George was from the first your enemy? But what cause of complaint had he against you?"

"He thought," I said, "that I should tell of his dishonest tricks."

"But how came the gold into your bed?"

"That nobody knows but George himself, and God who knows all things. But I firmly believe that it was George who did it, for my bed was close to the door of his room, and I slept very soundly. I think, however, that the little girl knows something about it. She wanted to say something, but was not allowed."

The magistrate paid great attention to this. I earnestly entreated not to be again sent back to the companionship of those men in prison, and he let me remain in the gaoler's house.

The following day I was brought up to meet the farmer, his wife, George, and the little girl. To cut the matter short, the three first witnessed against me; but when it came to the turn of the little girl, she related circumstantially how George had in the morning detailed the whole plan to his fellow man-servant, which was that George should take the money from the farmer when he should be drunk in Frankfort, and place it in my bed; that he would then accuse me of being the thief, and thus get me out of the house, because if I stayed I should most likely tell of them in the end. George turned as pale as death, and when the magistrate addressed him in a way that might have done credit to a clergyman, he confessed. I was set free, while he was put under arrest. The farmer was very sorry, and his wife wept, and asked my forgiveness. "Come back with us," said the farmer, "and I will care for you as for my own child."

This affected me deeply. "Will you go back to the farm?" said the magistrate kindly.

"I was very well off there," I said, "but I do not wish always to keep sheep. I should like to learn some respectable trade, if I could."

"What trade should you like?" he asked.

"A whitesmith; but where is the apprentice fee to come from? I have no money;" and I began to weep.

"Hold!" said the farmer, "that reminds me of something. I should have paid a shepherd, for the time you have been with me, at least thirty guilders. You have forgotten your wages." He felt in his pocket, and counted out the money on the table, saying, "I believe it will be better for him to learn a trade. The fee won't be much more than that, and whatever more is wanting, Mr. Magistrate, I will have forthcoming."

The magistrate pressed his hand, and it was soon arranged that I was to stay at the magistrate's house till a master could be found for me. I separated from the farmer and his wife and dear little girl with a grateful heart. I heartily thanked God for this turn in my fortune, and

resolved never to depart from his ways. To ease my mind about Hannes, and the loss I might have occasioned him by my flight, the kind farmer promised to put the matter right by riding over to him the first time he was in that part of the country. He found, I subsequently learned, the old shepherd and his wife much mystified at my disappearance, but the damage done by my absconding had been less than I had anticipated, and a couple of dollars made them amply contented.

I remained a week at the magistrate's house. Here was indeed a godly family. The lady was like her husband in disposition, while in person she remarkably resembled the young lady of whom I had never ceased to think since I saw her at Frankfort.

I was shortly bound apprentice to a respectable man of the name of Ruprecht, who lived in New-street. Before I went, the magistrate gave me good advice, and his lady told me to come to them in any difficulty. She soon perceived that I looked ill, and finding that I had not sufficient food, she told me that I was to come in every evening for a hearty meal before I went for two hours' instruction to a schoolmaster with whom the magistrate had made an agreement, the farmer assisting in the payment. At Christmas I received from the last a new suit of clothes, and two beautiful books from the former. The years of my apprenticeship went smoothly by, marked by benefits from my kind friends. My master, who was sparing of his praise, said that I learned well, and at the end of the time proposed that I should remain with him as a workman; but after consultation with all my friends, it was agreed that I should go to Solingen, where there are iron works, and fine blades are made. I was loaded with presents, and set off; the parting was very painful, and once I had nearly turned back. Though Frankfort was not in my way, a vague hope of seeing the young lady led me there; but it was vain. I found her not, and sorrowfully travelled on through the duchy of Nassau to Siegin, the country round which abounds in ore, and near which there are several celebrated foundries which I wished to see.

TAKING A DEGREE.

NO. I.

THE manner and cost of taking a degree at Oxford and Cambridge have been lately much discussed. For some years public opinion had been freely expressed on the matter; and, with a considerable pressure from the outside, the gentlemen of St. Stephen's at last acknowledged the strength of the cause of the siegers. Strong allegations were made by excluded parties on the subject, but, as usual, truth was mixed up with much which was doubtful of proof. The two universities are old institutions which have existed for many centuries, and it would be strange indeed if they had been exempted from the fate of all old buildings. However, though the hand of time had dealt them some blows, and a few cracks and flaws might be discernible here and there, yet these the keepers of the buildings declared were inseparable from all old houses, and they could best repair them who

understood their constitutions. But the people grumbled, and parliament said no. Then commissions were issued—well that this was done—and the labours of these bodies are before the world, and the present session has seen their results embodied in an act of parliament. Such being the case, we leave the whole matter to a "discerning public," who, everything considered, particularly in regard to one university, may come to the conclusion that the interests and education of our youth might have been in worse hands. Dismissing that subject, however, we purpose to spend a "leisure hour" in tracing the various steps, the expenses, and the "subjects" necessary to the obtaining a degree at the two parent universities, where the nobility, squirearchy, clergy, senators, lawyers, etc., of England and her dependencies are instructed.

Proceed we then. We will suppose the aspirant for academic bays to have been duly and carefully initiated into all the school mysteries of the Anabasis, Herodotus, Homer, Horace, Livy, Euclid, with perhaps a small allowance of "conics" and the "calculus." Fairly "up" in such as these, he may, with moderate attention to all the college course, calculate on a safe passage through the senate house. College lectures will be to one in such a situation easy amusements. Woe betide him should he be less prepared.

Thus primed, the incipient "wrangler," or "first-class man" in the "trips," seeks the shades of Alma Mater, resolved still further to cultivate the acquaintance of the ancients. His object is to put his "name on the boards." To explain this term, we may say, that in the "buttery" of every college there is a board hung up with the names of all the then members on it, graduates, "ten-year" men, and undergraduates. As a rule, the name remains there till the M.A. degree is obtained, and in a few cases till D.D. or D.C.L. Now and then some unfortunate, in *statu pupillari*, offends, and if his offence is bad, dire is the punishment. An application is made to his college by the proctor, and probably, as a warning to all evil-doers, a sentence of expulsion is pronounced; all his previous study is lost, as he cannot take a degree; off goes his name from the boards, an ominous black mark being placed through it, and he for ever bids adieu to the university, and returns home to heart-stricken parents.

But to our story. Fortified with a recommendation from an M.A. (probably his parish clergyman) and his certificate of baptism, or, better still, accompanied by some resident tutor or "coach," as a gownsmen would say, awe-inspired he presents himself before the "bursar" or "dean" of some college for admission. Every college has its little peculiarities in admission. Suppose a student is a budding mathematician, looking down even on the "*Principia*," he seeks John's ample walls. Is his fame "looming in the distance" as a classic, then Trinity welcomes him to her bosom. Supposing his talents are not fully developed either way, or he learns that "good men" have already to a sufficient number entered in these two colleges, then he has his choice among the other fifteen halls and colleges. He is a pensioner, neither asking for or receiving any benefits from his college. He may be puzzled in his selection.

Trinity, with its array of sons of peers and other scions of nobility, he has already declared against; and, indeed, if he has not fully "read up," the stiff entrance examination might prove a bar. Trinity-hall has attractions for the future lawyer. Magdalene has classic fame, gives good dinners, but does not want "poor men." Queen's, on the contrary, encourages them, is happily supposed to lean to evangelism, and is rich in oriental MSS. King's is all for Eton boys. Caius has many good things to give away to the deserving. Sidney, Sussex (Cromwell's college), and Corpus are thought by some—though this may be a prejudice—to be rather antiquated in several things, and shut an hour earlier than the others. St. Peter's (father of the university) has its bursars well off; while Jesus, Catherine, Clare, Pembroke, Emmanuel, and the others, have all trifling distinctive features, which season after season make them rise or fall in an unaccountable manner in the estimation of entrants and their friends.

Having fully weighed the advantages and disadvantages, and calculated how his purse would accommodate itself to each, he makes up his mind as to which will be most eligible, calls upon some grave and reverend signior of a tutor, and states his wish, produces his credentials of respectability, undergoes a slight examination, pays his 15*l.* of "caution money," and becomes a member of the University of Cambridge. This step over, the youth breathes freely, and feels he has accomplished that step which now entitles him to assume with propriety the *toga virilis*. The time most appropriate for entrance is the Midsummer term. The days are warm and sultry, the flowers are drooping their heads, the college walks are dusty and deserted, and only a few quiet listless-looking gownsmen, who have received permission to remain "up" during "the long," for the purpose of reading, are to be seen. The incipient student, having accomplished his mission, walks out to see the notabilities of the place. The noble bequest of a deceased earl, the Fitzwilliam museum, is perhaps his first care; then he visits the Pitt press, whose groaning presses are throwing off millions of sheets of the Bible in all languages, destined for every part of the globe where ignorance and superstition dwell, despite the Jesuit or the sword of the pontifical mercenary. Turning to some other rooms, he finds in preparation works in every department of science, and is reminded by seeing some of the rooms securely locked, that certain university "examination papers" are there being "set up," and the secrets of these papers must not be allowed to transpire; hence none but the compositors immediately required are allowed to enter. Mythical legends are afloat about the bribery which was wont to be used by lazy men and over-anxious "honour" men, to get to learn what was in the "papers." Of the past we speak not, but truly he would be a clever fellow who could catch the slightest hint of what is preparing for the examinations now. Indeed the "copy" is so distributed, and each individual compositor has so small a share for himself, that no one of them could really tell. Leaving this noble structure, he glides from hall to college, admiring paintings, chapels, walks and shady groves, as each in its turn presents

itself. King's-college chapel (the most unique and handsome building of its kind in this county) will not be forgot, nor will the round church, the only relic of the once proud and haughty Hospitallers, or knights of St. John, in Cambridge. Then there is the veritable diary of ancient master Pepys at Magdalene; Cromwell's room when an undergraduate at Sidney; Milton's mulberry-tree at Christ's; Erasmus' worm-eaten chair (a precious relic) at Queen's; Newton's shady walks at Trinity, where, with his little mischievous dog Diamond, the great discoverer oft had sat and mused; and perhaps he terminates his pilgrimage at Pembroke, the most monkish-looking college of the whole, where he will learn that one of old Noll's round-head sergeants once was master, and not the worst one too, as he very considerably endowed the college. Having got through the principal lions, looked at surplices, and tried on caps and gowns (which can be bought cheap for ready money), and possessed himself of several little souvenirs from the book-shops for friends, he then betakes himself once more to the railway station, and is soon whizzing away per the Eastern Counties at the rate of thirty miles an hour, for "home, sweet home," to astonish his mamma and sisters with the wonders of the Camb, dream of the anticipated joys of college life, and, if he and his friends are wise, sedulously to "work up" his "subjects" for "entrance into residence" in the Michaelmas term.

Now is the time to spend the midnight oil. Everything depends so much on a fair start. Many have lived to repent their want of preparation; and judicious guardians, who are anxious their charges should shine, often with propriety select some old resident tutor, and place the youth under him during the period between entrance and coming into residence, and thus when he goes first into college he is years in advance of his compeers, knows his duties, what will "pay" to "read" and what not, and while others are stumbling away at the threshold he is far within the building. Many racy things are told about young men coming up to enter, and being perfectly at sea as to what they should do, and where they should enter themselves. It is on record that some have known so little of what they were doing as even to have inquired of the "boots" at their inn if "he could recommend a college." Certainly great ignorance does prevail as to the *modus operandi*, but all this we will fully speak of and throw a light on in our future chapter on "Taking a Degree."

A DONKEY RIDE TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Ur, reader! awake from the drowsy lethargy of arm-chair repose of a winter's evening in London. Up, I say, rouse up all thy faculties and sweep together all stray thoughts, for most assuredly they will be required upon the journey we are about to undertake. And you ask us amazedly, Whither are we going? Whither? why to the far-famed ancient pyramids near that old city of Cairo in Egypt—to clamber up to the summit of Cheops, and look out upon the dark mountains of Mokattam.

If you stagger under the very proposition, and consider your informant demented, only open the

windows of your imagination and peep out of them, and we will lend you spectacles to discern that not less than half a score of clamorous donkey boys, with their ill-used, much-ridden donkeys, are impatiently awaiting our descent from the chambers of the first hotel in the city, as ready to pounce upon us as eagles are upon their prey, each one endeavouring, at the risk of tearing us limb from limb, to force us into the saddle of his own particular donkey. At length, however, we have settled this knotty point by ourselves making a preference, and maintaining it, though not without difficulty. The best and strongest donkeys and the most good-humoured donkey boys are ours; and thus accommodated, away we start full gallop—donkeys braying, donkey boys grinning, all to the great risk of the toes of foot passengers—through the streets of modern Cairo, toward the *débris* of the ancient city of that name. Almost from the moment of first quitting the city gates, we have before us the stupendous monument of ages gone by, looking down upon us with the records of past generations stamped upon every stone of the leviathan mass.

And what do we know about this pyramid of Cheops? Well, just wait till our donkey has given up this horrid trotting, and then, aye then, we will scrape together every item of information that personal experience, added to book reading, can muster. First of all, however, you will permit me to remark that, contrary to the expectations of most travellers, we find the country around us, in lieu of being a desert waste, dressed out in the most resplendent spring vesture. Birds chant merrily from the leafy boughs of tall bushes and taller trees, flowers scent the air, and there is a murmuring voice of water which, added to the early morning breeze itself, freshens up the brow and strings up our nerves for the heat and exercise we are about to be subjected to. For two miles we ~~enter~~ or trot along pleasantly enough over a very Brussels carpet of verdant grass, and then we reach the old Cairo on the Nile's banks, with the stupendous aqueduct erected to carry the water of the river into the citadel itself.

The only objects around us that wear an aspect of poverty or misery are the unhappy and heavily-yoked peasantry themselves—human beings degraded in intellect by long oppression to almost a level with the brute creation; their habitations low mud huts, vilely filthy; themselves disgustingly indifferent to what Dr. Johnson would call the scrupulosity of cleanliness; yet that it is from no lack of water, witness the volumes rolling onwards as we cross at this point from one bank of the Nile to the opposite side; which feat having been accomplished, we leave the wretched inmates of the last mud-hut to stare after us—possibly as much astonished at our appearance as we are at theirs—and trot along again on our indefatigable donkeys.

But before proceeding to enter into any historical records relative to the pyramid of Cheops, first let us appease the clamourings of our donkey boys by bestowing upon them a bucksheesh (gift), and then, hauling in our bridles, contemplate for a moment two objects worthy of passing notice.

First of these we look upon the island of El Rhoda, traditionally the identical spot where the



kind-hearted daughter of the base king Pharaoh came upon that little basket of bulrushes, on opening which she rescued the future inspired lawgiver of Israel. Mustapha, the wittiest and sharpest of the two donkey boys, assures us of the identity of the spot as a fact, "because," quoth he, "my grandmother herself gave me the information, and she had gleaned it from her father's father."

Notwithstanding such overwhelming testimony as to the locality, we shake our heads, and pointing towards a pillar of stone, ask what that is protruding itself out of the water, and the answer we receive is that the object in contemplation is the *Nileometer*, used for measuring the rise of the waters at the periods of inundation.

Having gleaned all this information, we leave Gizeh, the spot where we landed, behind us and continue our trot towards the pyramids. We have good five miles yet to ride before reaching the base of the first pyramid; and during this interval

we must endeavour to redeem our promise relative to scraps of information about this monument of Cheops.

In the first place, this great pyramid is supposed to contain six millions of cubic feet of stone, whilst one hundred thousand men are said to have been employed twenty years in building it! There, only think of that stupendous labour, and marvel at it, for a second or two. Why, our very donkeys prick up their ears as though astounded at the relation, and kicking up their heels playfully, banish for the moment all thoughts of anything but how best to retain our saddles.

Now although there were so many men employed by so mighty a prince for this stupendous structure, they all got paid, according to an ancient author (I think it was Herodotus), in a currency not altogether exactly what you or I, reader, would wish to have any small outstanding credits settled with. Each man received a stipulated quantity

of onions and garlic per diem, with a handful of coarse wheat or some other grain. Apart from the strangeness of such a mode of payment, and the reflection that occurs how the whole atmosphere must have been polluted by the strong smell, the fact alone speaks marvellously in favour of the fertility of that soil which has ever been the granary of the east, even since the days when the brethren of Joseph came up with their asses and their sacks to purchase corn that they "might live and not die."

There is no reason, however, remember, reader, in a country where customs and manners so seldom change through the lapse of centuries, in that land where the people have ever been bondsmen—there is no reason, we say, to doubt that these hundred thousand builders of the pyramid really had their services requited as above mentioned. Not fifteen years ago, though on a much more insignificant scale, the hapless peasantry of the whole of North Syria were subjected to a like system of *quid pro quo* labour. Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian, then governing all Syria, deprived the inhabitants of that large district of every resource of livelihood, by seizing on their fields, farm-houses, and plantations. He left them the option of starvation or of working for his individual behoof, by cutting wood upon the mountains, and as a recompence for their labours, they were only allotted rations just sufficient to keep up strength and vitality, and that was all. These rations, too, consisted of precisely the same class of food as that allowed the labourers at the pyramid, namely, onions, garlic, and a few handfuls of wheat.

But our donkey boys are hooting to our fractious donkeys, and they are tearing over the ground at a rate that rapidly dissipates the distance between ourselves and the pyramids. We cross, accordingly, several canals and many extensive fields of a red soil covered with a rich and verdant pasturage, until our donkeys, happening to trip hereabouts, slacken their pace awhile, and enable us to throw in another little item of information respecting the nearest pyramid. Its base is about eight hundred feet square, covering a surface of above eleven acres, and, according to the most correct measurement, is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, a space as extensive, it has been calculated, as the whole of Lincoln's-inn-fields, lawyers' wigs and gowns included. It is impossible to form any adequate conception of the prodigious vastness of this monument of bygone ages until we arrive close under it, and compare the altitude and magnitude of ourselves, donkeys, and donkey boys, with the smallest stone constituting a portion of its basement. Then, indeed, we feel sorrowfully convinced that after all we are little better than pigmies upon the earth.

Having arrived at our journey's end, we dismount, and consign ourselves to the care of our Arab guides, or, more properly speaking, helps—the uncouth looking savages who are to assist us in climbing up steps sometimes four feet deep.

Now, friends, button your pockets, and screw your courage up to the proper point, for assuredly our helps have the very features of ruthless ruffians, and there is no knowing, when we are thoroughly in their power, to what tortures they may subject

us so as to extort a bucksheesh. Before ascending, however, we make a compact with the sheik, or head of these men, to the effect that we are on no account to pay one para of money into any hands but those of the sheik himself: and, as regards the item bucksheesh, that this must solely depend upon our liberality and the manner in which we have been handled by our helps. This verbal compact is testified and agreed to by the sheik, the helps employed, the donkey boys, and one or two officious dragomen, who are all expectant of some small share of the booty, if it be only an empty bottle, or an old plate, when its services have been dispensed with after lunch.

So we at length commence our ascent; and the longer and more supple our limbs, the greater advantages have we over our less fortunate but more corpulent companions. But hold hard, ye valiant sons of the desert, hold hard, and let us not slip for any consideration. There is little cause, however, for apprehension, for our guides have too much interest at stake to allow us easily to slip through their fingers.

We have hardly ascended out of reach of the hearing of the Arab sheik, before our faithless helps break through their promises of not attempting to extort any bucksheesh from us. Seizing either arm with a powerful gripe, and grinning wildly, each help alternately gives us a terrible pinch, whispering audibly, "Bucksheesh yer How-ajal." It is of no use protesting against the impossibility and danger of thrusting your hands into your pockets when suspended between the sky and the earth at an altitude of some hundreds of feet; neither is it productive of any beneficial results exhorting them to be merciful. They pinch you all the harder, and grin worse than ever, when they imagine that they have succeeded in intimidating you. Fortunately, at the first favourable landing, we are enabled by an effort to shake off their powerful gripe, and then, looking a storm of anger, we threaten with success to complain to the sheik, or even take justice in our own hands there and then. Now, though they are two to one, and though in limb and muscular strength they might destroy us at a single blow, the crushed spirit of long oppression and serfdom paralyses their strength and courage, and the fear of their sheik's retribution makes them at once as tame and manageable as lambs.

There are two hundred and six tiers of stones, from one to four feet in height, to be climbed, and each successively two or three feet smaller than the one immediately below it, so that the main effort and labour is more considerable at the start than as we progress upwards; though by the period that we have climbed half-way up, and pause for breath awhile, the height is so excessive that it makes the traveller dizzy to gaze either downwards or upwards; for overhead the pyramid looks as tall and stately as ever, whilst under foot the lower tiers are lost in the haze of distance and heat.

Did you ask me if those things not much bigger than young mice were the locusts that sometimes infested these parts? Why, my dear sir, that is a very respectable cavalcade of travellers, all moving in the same direction as ourselves, all bent upon the same climbing effort as we are. Only wait

till we reach the top, and then you will discover what these have dwindled into.

In twenty minutes after starting we reach the summit of the mighty pyramid of Cheops; and that moment, reader, common as the exploit has become, is an epoch never to be forgotten. We stand up and look around us, whilst the wizard Imagination, flourishing his mystic wand, rolls up the curtains of the present surrounding scenery, and we look down upon the panorama of four thousand years gone by.

If we look to the eastward, there is revealed the mighty natural aqueduct we have already alluded to—the river of Egypt, flowing like a stream of molten silver through the plains; and there are the domes, the minarets, and the tall palm-trees of Cairo, all bathed, as a painting freshly covered with gum, in the rich, brilliant sunshine of Egypt. Behind these again, looming in the distance, are the mountains of Mokattem, the barriers of the Arabian desert. Westward, glazed with the heat of the midday sun, with clouds and an obscure red atmosphere of its own, lies that vast expansive sea of sand, the desert. The vessels upon this ocean are the weary plodding camels, who are often wrecked in its frightful desolation, even beyond the reach of the keen-scented vulture. Southward are the other pyramids, and the ancient Necropolis, extending not less than sixty miles along the bank of the river, containing, as was once reckoned by a scientific American, somewhere about five hundred millions of mummies; whilst northward we have the great Sphinx, the land of Goshen, the Delta, and the mouths of the Nile.

However, all this, with the rich valleys and fields of the granary of the world, disappears under a sort of magic influence as we seat ourselves on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops; and, remembering that this structure has been standing here at least four thousand years, a wonderful panorama rises before the mind, well repaying us for all the fatigue and labour that we have encountered in clambering up hither.

Two thousand two hundred and forty-seven years before the coming of the Messiah, these structures, then, are computed to have stood here. We look out towards Goshen, and in our mind's eye we espy travellers, such as we might espy even now-a-days in costume or cast of features—travellers coming hitherwards from the land of Canaan (where the famine rages sorely) to seek corn and bread. The only thing remarkable in the present caravan is, that from the number of cattle and followers, these are evidently men of note and wealthy consideration. If these stones could speak, they could tell us, were we unable to guess ourselves, that these are "Abraham and Sarah his wife, and Lot his brother's son, with all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls they had gotten." Passing strange it is to think that we should be sitting upon stones coeval almost, if not entirely, with the tower of Babel. But stop, we have other things yet to see before we come down to the period of our own insignificant age.

Look out again in the same direction, and behold a company of trading Ishmaelites. They have much treasure, doubtless, and many rare

spices, but they carry with them one who is a greater treasure, the young slave that is yet to rise, through the direct interposition of Providence, to be chief governor of the land next to Pharaoh himself.

See, again, how the plains and the mountains around are laughing with rich shocks of corn—seven years of plenty; and then we look out upon the dreariest desolation, whilst granaries and warehouses pour out inexhaustible treasures to starving multitudes.

By the same way that the former travellers came, others are now entering the land. Men of note evidently, for the governor of the land, with horsemen and chariots, and foot soldiers, and a goodly company, all in rich robes, go forth to welcome the patriarchal stranger. If we could see so far, we should witness one of the most affecting scenes ever described. However, it is more delicate to leave the private outburst of affection to overflow before attempting to interrupt it. Need we say that these are Jacob and the shepherd tribes coming into Egypt to be presented to the king, and then portioned off in the land of Goshen?

Another epoch, and if we lay our heads to the surface, and listen attentively, we shall hear the groans and lamentations of broken-hearted parents wailing for the massacre of their male children, whilst a little basket of bulrushes floats down the Nile, and is providentially rescued.

Some forty years after this great affliction an ominous cloud hangs overhead, and the arm of the Almighty is stretched forth to punish the iniquity of the Egyptians and their ruler. What a fearful sight must it have been to witness those ten terrible plagues of Egypt! However, these have swept over the land, and are past. The miserable, fickle king, in his palace at Memphis, tremblingly relents. But, looking forth again towards the land of Goshen, what a mighty spectacle presents itself! Behold the exodus of Israel from Egypt. Men, women, and children, cattle and herds, like ants, swarm over the plains below; whilst the voice of mirth and thanksgiving ascends even to the lofty pedestal on which we stand.

But what have we here? A mightier multitude pressing forward to overtake the fleeing Israelites. It was well for you, oh thankless generations of Joseph! that the Lord of hosts served as a shield and a buckler against the oppressor. No human power could have rescued you from bondage. But both pursued and pursuers have speedily disappeared in the haze of distance; the sun of glory has set for ever upon the latter, whilst for the former was only just dawning the morning of promise and deliverance.

Nearly a thousand years of comparative peace and plenty reign around the pyramids. Then suddenly there appears a terrible irruption of invaders, sweeping on everything before them. Had they but possessed the power, no pyramid would have been left us here to sit upon and gaze forth from. But hush! there is an echo of falling statues in the distant palace of Karnac, and Memphis echoes to the war-cry of invaders. This, friend, is Cambyes and his host, sweeping on to their own perdition—to perish miserably, whilst

the laurels of victory yet bloomed upon their foreheads, amid the desolations of a Nubian desert, victims to suffocation and thirst.

Three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, and we look down upon the legions of the conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great, whose legions are encamped on the plains around us; but the country grows wealthier in produce, expands in commerce, and if we send a message to the librarian at Alexandria, he may possibly favour us with the loan of a ms. Falling asleep, then, over our rather heavy and hieroglyphical manuscript, we will, with the reader's permission, nap it for a thousand years. In that interval, the greatest event that had ever occurred since the world's foundation had been accomplished at Jerusalem. The Saviour had died, and the blessings conferred by the gospel had reached even to the pedestal of the pyramid. We have been sleeping the while; but in our pleasant dreams, songs of welcome seem to have hailed the feet of the messengers of good tidings, and Coptic churches have sprung up in the land; but suddenly we are roused from our pleasant slumber by an uncomfortable smell of smoke and fire.

Looking over the pyramid's sides, our eyes encounter the Saracen banner, the crescent flag, whilst our borrowed ms. is the only item left of the hundred thousand volumes burnt by order of Omar the caliph. Ah! what changes and vicissitudes have occurred! However, as hereafter the land beneath is subjected to strife and commotion, we will even resume our nightcaps again for a longer space than before.

Suddenly the loud roar of artillery awakens us, and we become aware that the dial of time has reached the year A.D. 1798. We listen attentively, and being pretty well acquainted with French, can hear the clear small voice of Napoleon Bonaparte, as he points to this very pyramid, exclaiming, "Soldiers! think, that from the summits of those monuments, forty ages are at this moment surveying our conduct."

Thereupon we see the charge of the mameluke cavalry, and witness the conquest of Cairo. And having been mental spectators of all these wonderful events and transitions, you and I, reader, John Smith and Tom Brown, carve our names upon the surface of the hard stones (breaking two good Sheffield blades in so doing), in the hopes that some future travellers may inquisitively investigate them and wonder who and what we were.

And now we consign ourselves again to the guardianship of our guides, for coming down is terribly dizzy work. Having at length safely reached *terra firma* once more, and endeavoured to satisfy the unconscionable demands of all unfortunate people, we jump into our saddles and trot back to Shepherd's hotel, Cairo. Thus we have accomplished, we hope, to the satisfaction of the reader, our donkey ride to the pyramids.

TO MAKE VINEGAR FROM BEETS.—Grate the washed beets, express the juice in a cheese-press, and put the liquor in an empty barrel; cover the bung-hole with gauze, and place it in the sun. In a few weeks the vinegar will be good. It is said one bushel of sugar beets will make five or six gallons of vinegar; which is probably nearly correct, as nine-tenths of the substance of the beet is liquid, and each bushel of roots contains equal to six gallons in measure, omitting the interstices.

ECENTRIC EXCELLENCE.

A CHARMING work, the autobiography of the late Rev. William Jay, of Bath,* has recently issued from the press, and we have great pleasure in recommending all our readers to peruse it, as being a singularly interesting as well as profitable composition. Mr. Jay, during his ministrations, extended over a period much more lengthened than that which ordinarily falls to the lot of man, was brought into familiar intercourse with individuals who were eminently distinguished in their day and generation. His recollections of these have been preserved by him with a rare degree of felicitousness. It would have been easy to have presented specimens of the work of a more dignified character than the following, but the sketch which it presents of a worthy though eccentric man is so happily veined with quiet humour, and so admirably displays Mr. Jay's skill as a *raconteur*, that we present it to our readers in preference to others, believing that few of them will be satisfied until they have perused the volume itself. Humour, however, is not the only quality displayed in the sketch. The specimen, which will be found in the subjoined extract, of a family exposition of a passage of scripture, is an instance of quaintness rising into actual sublimity.

"Mr. Ryland had resided at Northampton as the pastor of the Baptist church, where also, for many years, he had kept a large and flourishing school. He had, when I became acquainted with him, no pastorate, but preached occasionally for any of his brethren. His residence was then at Enfield, where he had a seminary; but he passed his vacations at the house of one of his sons, who carried on trade in Blackfriars-road. There he was all the time of my first and second engagements at Surrey chapel; and, as the chapel was near, he frequently heard me, and I gained his approbation and attachment.

"He was a peculiar character, and had many things about him *outré* and *bizarre*, as the French would call them; but those who have heard him represented as made up only of these are grossly imposed upon. We are far from justifying all his bold sayings, and occasional sallies of temperament; but, as those who knew him can testify, he was commonly grave, and habitually sustained a dignified deportment; and he had excellences which more than balanced his defects. His apprehension, imagination, and memory, to use an expression of his own, rendered his brains like fish-hooks, which seized and retained everything within their reach. His preaching was probably unique, occasionally overstepping the proprieties of the pulpit, but grappling much with conscience, and dealing out the most tremendous blows at error, sin, and the mere forms of godliness.

"Mr. Hall has said in print, 'He was a most extraordinary man, and rarely, if ever, has full justice been done to his character.' And Mr. Hervey, rector of Weston Favell, often entertained him at his parsonage, and kept up a frequent correspondence with him, as may be seen in seventy of his letters inserted in his life by Mr. Ryland. These letters show, not only the value he attached

* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

to Mr. Ryland's friendship, but the confidence he placed even in his judgment, consulting him with regard to his own several publications, as well as desiring his opinion of the works of others.

"The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland was at the house of a wholesale linendraper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——h, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlour, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance; his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what could I think when, walking towards me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!' But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said—'Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town, and been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other reasonable and useful remarks.

"From this strange commencement, a peculiar intimacy ensued. We were seldom a day apart during my eight weeks' continuance in town, and the intercourse was renewed the following year, when we were both in town again at the same time. As the chapel was very near, and spacious, he obtained leave from the managers to deliver in it a course of philosophical lectures, Mr. Adams, the celebrated optician, aiding him in the experimental parts. The lectures were on Friday mornings, at the end of which there was always a short sermon at the reading-desk; and the lecturer would say to his attendants, 'You have been seeing the works of the God of nature; now go yonder, and hear a *Jay* talk of the works of the God of grace.'

"As he was eccentric, and eccentricity often appears like a degree of derangement, and with some always passes for it, this perhaps considerably affected the circulation and influence of his various works. I was struck with him as an original, and only viewed him as eccentric. His conversation, and illustrations, and expressions, were frequently very uncommon and impressive. His mind was never quiescent. He always seemed labouring to throw off something fresh and forcible, not only in his public discourses, but in his ordinary conversation. He sometimes failed, and you had (yet rarely) only extravagance; but he sometimes succeeded, and persons of some mind must have been surprised at his fine touches and strokes of genius. As to myself, I derived no little advantage from him. He was full of information, and ready to communicate. He seized my mind, and was always leading me to think. By his commendations he cheered and encouraged me, and several of his counsels and admonitions guided my youth, and have not been forgotten through life. One of them he often repeated: it was against sitting up late to study. He dwelt on the baneful consequences of this

practice, and ran over several instances in which good and useful men had been sufferers by it, losing their health, and shortening their days; and when I took my leave of him at our first parting, he exclaimed, with a stentorian voice, "If ever you are in your study after nine o'clock, I wish (*expressing a terrific object*) may appear, and drive you to bed!" I do not think I have ever transgressed this rule; and, if I had, I should not certainly have expected such a sight; yet I have never been there at the approach of the ninth hour without remembering the tender wish; and to preserve it from oblivion was his design, in clothing it with such terror.

"He never seemed so much in his element as when he had those around him who were not only willing to receive, but eager to draw forth from his ample stores. The young could never leave his company unaffected and uninstructed. I once passed a day at his house. It was the fifth of November. He took advantage of the season with his pupils. There was an effigy of Guy Fawkes. A court of justice was established for his trial. The indictment was read; witnesses were examined; counsel was heard. But he was clearly and fully convicted; when Mr. R. himself being the judge summed up the case; and, putting on his black cap, pronounced the awful sentence—that he should be carried forth and burned at the stake; which sentence was executed amidst shouts of joy from his pupils. Of this, I confess, my feelings did not entirely approve.

"Speaking of him one day to Mr. Hall, he related the following occurrence:—"When I was quite a lad, my father took me to Mr. Ryland's school at Northampton. That afternoon I drank tea along with him in the parlour. Mr. Ryland was then violently against the American war; and the subject happening to be mentioned, he rose, and said, with a fierce countenance and loud voice—"If I were General Washington, I would summon all my officers around me, and make them bleed from their arms into a basin, and dip their swords into its contents, and swear they would not sheathe them till America had gained her independence." I was perfectly terrified. 'What a master,' thought I, 'am I to be left under!' and when I went to bed, I could not for some time go to sleep."

"Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, 'Mr.——, you must pray.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot.' He urged him again, but in vain. 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I declare, if you will not, I'll call in the watchman.' At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man (I knew him too); he opened the door, and calling him, said, 'Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,' said he, 'is a young pastor that can't pray; so you must pray for him.'

"One afternoon we went together to drink tea with Mrs.——, and she prevailed upon us to spend the evening. His supper was always spinach and an egg on a slice of toasted bread, and a glass of pure water. At the domestic worship he said, 'You, Eusebins,' (so he commonly called me, I know not wherefore,) 'you shall pray, and I will for a few minutes expound.' (He was never

tedious.) He took the story of the woman of Canaan. After commenting on her affliction, and application for relief, he came to her trial and her success; reading the words—'And he answered her not a word,' he said, 'Is this the benefactor of whom I have heard so much before I came? He seems to have the dead palsy in his tongue.'—'And the disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us;—'And why should we be troubled with a stranger? We know not whence she is, and she seems determined to hang on till she is heard.' 'But he said I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;—'and you know you are not one of them; and what right have you to clamour thus?'—'Then came she, falling at his feet, and cried, Lord, help me! But he said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table.' What I want is no more to thee than a crumb, compared with the immense provisions of thy board; and I come only for a crumb, and a crumb I must have; and, if thou refuse me a seat at thy table with thy family, wilt thou refuse me a crawl and a crumb underneath? The family will lose nothing by my gaining all I want.' . . . Omnipotence can withstand this attack no longer; but he yields the victory—not to her humility, and importunity, and perseverance—but to her faith, that produced and employed all these; for 'all things are possible to him that believeth.'—'O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Lord, what was that you said?' 'Why, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have my dear child instantly healed.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have my poor soul saved.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have all my sins pardoned and destroyed.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I'll have all my wants supplied from thy riches in glory.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. Here, take the key, and go, and be not afraid to rifle all my treasures.'

"Now, Mrs. —, this woman was a dog, a sad dog, a sinful dog, and if she had had her desert, she would have been driven out of doors; and yet there is not a woman in this house comparable to her.—Let us pray.'

"N.B.—I relate as characteristic, what I did not wholly admire as proper. I repeat the same with regard to another instance:—

"He took my place one Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from Daniel's words to Belshazzar, 'But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' After an introduction, giving some account of Belshazzar, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying, 'But you cannot suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a rascal as this; and then stated, that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in four grand instances.

"Mr. Ryland was exceedingly full of striking, and useful, and entertaining anecdotes, and (which is everything in anecdotes,) he told them with admirable clearness, and brevity, and ease. I heard him repeat more than once many of those

which Dr. Newman has published in his account of him; some of which, for want of his stating the circumstances which introduced or followed them, appear less credible than they otherwise would do. For instance, when, during the execrable badness of the singing after sermon, he said, 'I wonder the angels of God do not wrench your necks off,' he had been preaching on the presence of the angels in our assemblies. The thing itself was very exceptionable, but this circumstance rendered it less unnatural and improbable.

"I cannot but think some of his own brethren, and of his own denomination, bore too hard upon him for some difficulty in his pecuniary circumstances. They did not, indeed, charge him with dishonesty and injustice, but they seemed to forget that a brother may be overtaken in a fault, and that the fault in this case was in reality the effect of an excellence, or virtue. In his ardour for learning and science, he was too free in the purchase of books, for his own use, and also to give to poor ministers who had few intellectual helps; and also, in the exercise of beneficence to the poor and needy, he was drawn beyond his means. I was told by a person who attended the examination of his affairs, that, when something rather reflecting on his integrity had escaped from one of the party, he instantly rose up, and turned his face to the wall, and, looking up to heaven, said, 'Lord, thou knowest I am not wicked! Oh, give me grace to preserve my temper and tongue, while I endeavour to answer and rectify the mistake of my brother.' This instantly softened and melted the party, and Mr. R— soon gave them full satisfaction. If God had not called Lot "*just* Lot," we should probably never have registered him in our calendar of saints. Dr. Rippon, one of his permanently attached friends and advisers, preached his funeral sermon: and, as they were letting down the deceased into the grave, he pointed to the coffin, and said with admirable impression—

'Defects through nature's best productions run;
Our friend had spots—and spots are in the sun!'

"The Rev. Mr. Bell, of Cheshunt, who attended him, informed me of the blessed state of his mind in his dying hours; reporting, among other things which he addressed to himself,—'Oh, Bell, I charge you, I charge you to love and preach Christ! Oh, how good has he always been to me, and how good is he now! My body is as full of ease, and my soul is as full of joy, as it can hold!'

"Dr. Newman, the late tutor of the Baptist academy at Mile-end, and who has published affectionate memoirs of him, was originally a youth whom Mr. Ryland took up, and entirely educated gratis.

"I need not say the late Dr. Ryland was his son, who had the ability, and learning, and excellence of his father, (without any of his *errata*), whose praise is in all the churches, and whose character, and consistency, and integrity, were proverbial; so that Mr. Hall, who preached his funeral sermon, once said, 'I would as soon have Dr. Ryland's word as Gabriel's oath.' John Ryland, the father, was a devourer of books, and an excessive praiser of some of them. Thus I remember his saying—'If the dipping my pen in my very blood would recommend 'Witsius's Eco-

mony of the Covenants,' I would not forbear doing it for a moment.' Of 'Henry's Exposition' he said, 'It is impossible for a person of piety and taste to read this work without wishing to be shut out from the whole world, and to read it through, without one moment's interruption.' Owen, also, was an extreme favourite with him, and whose Latin work on 'Divine Justice' he translated. He gloried in Bunyan; and I recollect his speaking with warmth against Mr. Booth, who, in his defence of strict communion, had said, 'Let him (Bunyan) dream, but not lay down rules for gospel worship.'

"He had a great number of manuscripts, some of which I saw from time to time. He used to say, 'These I shall bequeath to twelve ministers, each having a key to the box containing them; and, if you are a good boy, you shall be one of them.' What became of them?"

"Though so many years have elapsed since, I feel it pleasant and useful to recall the opportunities I had of being in company with him, and of leading him about from place to place, when leaning on my arm; and I retain many impressions he made upon me when I was most susceptible of impressions.

"If sometimes he seemed severe, it was really more in the force of his expression than the feeling of his heart. No one was more capable of tenderness; and I remember his saying, 'My mother died when I was five years of age, and I have ten thousand times wished that she was alive, that I might wait upon her.'

"I wish I had written down more of his sayings and remarks. These are a few of them:—'My dunghill heart.'—'The promises are the saints' legacies.'—'When a Christian is matured for heaven, he leaves the present world as the acorn leaves its cup.'—'Work for the world is done best when work for God is done first.'—'It is perilous to read any impure book; you will never get it out of your faculties till you are dead. My imagination was tainted young, and I shall never get rid of it till I get into heaven.'

"He used facetiously to mention that, when he resided in Warwick, he lived in the parsonage house, which he rented of the rector, Dr. Tate; who, when he was reflected upon by some high ecclesiastic for letting it to a Dissenter, replied—'What would you have me do? I have brought the man as near the church as I can, but I cannot force him into it.'"

THE WINTER SLEEP OF ANIMALS.

MOST, perhaps all, animals sleep or repose at given intervals, after certain periods of longer or shorter duration devoted to active exercise. This oblivious rest is necessary for the restoration of the energy of the nervous and muscular systems, when that energy is exhausted by fatigue. There is, moreover, a tendency to sleep, or at least to rest quiet after repletion; and in hot countries men and animals take their siesta during the fervid heat of mid-day; narcotic drugs produce sleep, by tranquillizing an irritable condition of the nerves, but in over-doses

they produce *coma*, which is not true sleep, and which may end in death.

Distinct alike from true sleep, and its similitude *coma*, is a species of lethargic insensibility, ordinarily called the *torpidity of hibernation*. This torpidity is either perfect or imperfect, and it varies in duration. All animals do not fall into this condition, although many do; it occurs at a fixed period of the year, continues for weeks or months, passes off, and leaves the animal to the exercise of its wonted energies, and to its usual alternations of activity and repose.

The term *hibernation* means retirement into winter quarters; but, in the present instance, also supposes a condition of torpidity when in that winter retreat. In our northern latitudes, all our reptiles hibernate. Many of our quadrupeds do so also, but none of our birds; for to them is given the instinct and the power of migration.

As examples of hibernation among quadrupeds, we may notice the marmot of the Alps. This animal excavates a deep burrow, in which it makes a bed of dried grass and moss, and to this asylum it retires in autumn, stops up the entrance, lays itself placidly down, and falls into a state of torpor which lasts till the beginning of spring. The pretty little dormouse also hibernates. It makes a domed nest, generally in the crevice or chink of a tree, sometimes amidst the interlacings of the thickest part of a dense brake or tangled mass of brushwood, and in this snug dome-covered dormitory, made of moss, grass, and leaves, it coils itself up into a ball and waits the approach of sleep. The hedgehog hibernates; forming a warm soft nest of moss and leaves, under the root of some old tree, in the hole of a bank, or under the covert of haystacks, masses of timber or logs, it there rolls itself up like a ball, and sinks into torpidity.

Bats likewise hibernate, some more profoundly than others. They seek the hollows of trees, the recesses of old ruins, church towers, barns, caves, and similar retreats, making no nest, but hanging suspended by the hinder claws. Some hibernating animals, as the marmot, lay up a store of provisions for consumption in early spring, when, although the trance is over, other food is not attainable.

Instinct impels all hibernating animals to seek at a definite period their winter asylum; and, thus instinct-guided, they never fix upon a wrong situation. In every case the aim seems to be the securement of a shelter from extreme cold, so as to preserve the maintenance of a degree of temperature conducing to a peculiar condition of the system, without involving the loss of the vital principle; for extreme cold, as experiments have proved, does not produce torpidity in these animals, but death. If, for example, we expose an animal which naturally becomes torpid at a certain season of the year to excessive cold, and allow it no opportunity of sheltering itself, it will certainly perish. On the other hand, if we subject an animal in a state of hibernation to excessive cold, the shock will revive it; but let it continue in that cold medium for a short time, and it will die. Artificial

warmth will revive an animal in its torpid state of hibernation, but not without injury. Bats and dormice thus awakened, seldom or never survive after being so unnaturally roused. "Animals which hibernate at a certain period of the year in obedience to a protective law, will not hibernate if exposed to cold at another season; and if the cold be intense, they will perish, as was proved by the experiments of Mangili." Moreover, the degree of temperature at the time when animals seek their hibernating retreats is often higher than that of the spring month, when their revival takes place.

A truly hibernating animal in its torpid condition presents us with the semblance of death: we can perceive no breathing, no motion of the heart, no vital warmth; wounds inflicted seem to give no pain. We may roll a hedgehog over the floor, or a dormouse over the table, and they exhibit no signs of consciousness; they are under the influence of nature's preservative chloroform.

This is a slight sketch of what we ordinarily term hibernation. Let us reverse the picture, and present to our readers the sketch of a contrary state of things. Hibernation means *torpor in a winter retreat*. Let us contrast it with estivation, which means a *like torpor during the intense heat of the dry season, or summer, in the hotter latitudes*.

In inter-tropical climates a continuance of heat and extreme dryness produces the same effects on animals as does the cold of winter in our temperate latitudes. Life appears to stagnate; torpidity assumes the dominance; the forest is still, as if destitute of its native wild tenants, for the birds either seek the densest coverts or migrate to other localities. We quote, with some omissions, the following extracts from Mr. Darwin's interesting Journal, as calculated to give a true picture of this animal torpidity during the season of heat and drought.

"When we first arrived at Bahia Blanca (South America), September 7, we thought nature had granted scarcely a living creature to this sandy and dry country. By digging in the ground, however, several insects, large spiders and lizards, were found in a half-torpid state. On the 15th a few animals began to appear, and by the 18th, three days from the equinox, everything announced the commencement of spring. The plains were ornamented by flowers of a pink wood-sorrel, wild peas, anemones, and geraniums. The birds began to lay their eggs; numerous insects were crawling about; while the lizard tribe, the constant inhabitants of a sandy soil, darted in every direction." "It is well known that within the tropics the *hibernation*, or more properly *estivation* of animals, is governed by the times of drought. Near Rio Janeiro, I was at first surprised to observe that a few days after some little depressions had been changed into pools of water by the rain, they were peopled by numerous full-grown shells and beetles. Humboldt has related the strange accident of a hovel having been erected over the spot where a young crocodile lay buried in the mud; and, he adds, the Indians

often find enormous boas, which they call uji, or water-serpents, in the same lethargic state. To reanimate them they must be irritated and wetted with water."

As the rainy season comes on suddenly—so, far more suddenly than in our climate, where the transition from winter to spring is gradual, does animal reviviscence, with a restoration to full activity, take place. To this singular torpidity of animals during heat and drought, Baron Humboldt expressly alludes when, speaking of the tanrec, a hedgehog-like animal of Madagascar, he says: "As in the cold zone the deprivation of heat causes some animals to fall into *winter sleep*, so in the hot tropical countries an analogous phenomenon occurs, which has not been sufficiently attended to, and to which I have applied the name of *summer sleep* (estivation). *Drought and continuous high temperature act like the cold of winter in diminishing sensibility.*"

"When," says the same philosopher, "under the vertical rays of the never-clouded sun, the carbonised turfy covering of the plains falls into dust, the indurated soil cracks asunder as if from the shock of an earthquake. At such times two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, and the plain assumes a strange and singular aspect. Like conical-shaped clouds, the points of which descend to the earth, the sand rises through the rarefied air in the electrically-charged centre of the whirling current, resembling the loud water-spout, dreaded by the experienced mariner. The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-coloured light. The horizon draws suddenly nearer, the steppe (plain) seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot dusty particles which fill the air increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind blowing over the long-heated soil brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow." . . . "As in the icy north the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching drought, the crocodile and the boa become motionless and fall asleep, deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light, producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveller is pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror." Of the distress which the herds of horses and cattle suffer at this season, the writer gives a fearful picture, which we must here omit.

"At length," he adds, "after the long drought the welcome season of the rains arrives, and then how suddenly is the scene changed! The deep blue of the hitherto perpetually cloudless sky becomes lighter; at night the dark space in the constellation of the southern cross is hardly distinguishable, and the soft phosphorescent light of the Magellanic clouds fades away. A single cloud appears in the south, like a distant mountain rising perpendicularly from the horizon. Gradually the increasing vapours spread like mist over the sky, and now the distant thunder ushers in the life-restoring

rain." The suffocating heat has passed away as if by magic; the vegetation of the plains springs into luxuriance; the beasts of prey roam abroad; the herds rejoice in water and pasturage; and the creatures which slept in torpidity awake and bestir themselves. It is now that the alligator and the huge boa burst from their temporary graves. "Sometimes," so the aborigines relate, "on the margin of the swamps the moistened clay is seen to blister, and rise slowly in a kind of mound; then, with a violent noise, like the outbreak of a small volcano, the heaped up earth is cast high into the air. The beholder acquainted with the meaning of this spectacle flies, for he knows there will issue forth a gigantic water snake, or a scaly crocodile, awakened from a torpid state by the first fall of rain."

Thus, then, in the hotter regions, during the season of drought, life appears to stagnate as it does in the winter of our northern latitudes; but in each case one great object is aimed at, according to the wisdom of Providence, namely, the preservation of life, although under a semblance of death.

Wonderful and striking, if we consider it, is this preservative law. In our climate so few are the hibernating quadrupeds or reptiles, that persons in general are seldom led to notice the change which spring produces, when the hedgehog, and fieldmouse, and dormouse, issue forth, when the snake leaves its retreat, when the lizard appears on the hedgerow banks in all its liveliness, and the frog, emerging from the mud, throngs every pool and drainage course.

But in the hotter regions, where during the season of intense heat and drought, when all nature seems oppressed, so great a multitude of animals retire and sleep, and then suddenly burst forth, roused by the first showers, grateful to man and beast, the contrast forces itself on the attention. It is one of the natural phenomena with which the wildest aborigines are intimately conversant.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG HUSBAND.

You will certainly find, sir, that all your conjugal happiness is bound up in love; that there is a possibility of bursting the bands of the most endeared conjugal love, at least for a time; that there is a possibility, also, of preserving these bands inviolate; and, therefore, means must be used to preserve them. All our happiness, both for time and eternity, consists in love, and is inseparable from it. Love to God in perfection, together with the full communications of his love, is the heaven of heaven: and the more our hearts are going out in love to God and Christ, in meditation, prayer, and praise, whilst here; and the more, too, we are favoured with the tokens of his peculiar love; the more we enjoy of heaven upon earth. And as to outward enjoyments, what happiness can we derive from meat or drink that we do not relish; or from employments, diversions, or company that we do not love? It is not, I think, so much my wife's love to me, as mine to her, that tends to my conjugal happiness; at the

same time I must allow that there is a necessity of both to complete my happiness. No doubt, if her love to me should fail, mine to her would also languish: but certainly it is my love to her that I feel, though a sense of hers to me enhances my relish of it; and the way to perpetuate my relish is, never to let my love to her cool, nor to entertain an unkind thought of her. It is possible this may be your case, at least for a time; nay, give me leave to say, there is danger of it. It hath been the case in many good families, and may in yours. The more you are apprised of the danger, sir, and the more you dread it, you will be the more upon your guard against it. You have a will of your own, and so hath your wife. These may not always be the same in all things. What will you do, sir, when such a case happens? I assure you, I would have you always keep your place. The husband is "head" of the wife, and it is her duty to yield: but, what if she will not; or, what if she cannot immediately do it? Must I fly in a passion, and violently bear down all before me, because I am the stronger of the two? Is that the way to cherish love? As God hath appointed me "to rule my house," so he expects me to rule it "with meekness of wisdom," and to behave as one that is worthy to rule. Love is founded on esteem; but, by flying in a passion, I show my weakness, which will neither raise me in my wife's esteem, nor tend to preserve her love to me inviolate. Yet I persuade myself there is a possibility of preserving conjugal love inviolate. It hath been preserved by many husbands and wives, who have never suffered anything to interrupt it. They are generally small matters about which married people differ; therefore a moderate degree of thoughtfulness might easily prevent their differences. There is so much pleasure, sweetness, and serenity of mind attending the constant exercise of love, and so much pain, bitterness, and disquietude attending strife and discord betwixt such near relations, that the consideration thereof cannot fail to dispose prudent persons, and more especially such as fear God, to the exercise of much self-denial, patience, and forbearance, yea to much watchfulness and prayer, in order to secure the former and avoid the latter.

I would advise, that you be always as cautious of saying or doing anything to displease your wife as you were before marriage. Especially, if you see her ruffled by the ill-behaviour of servants (which I am afraid will sometimes happen), or if by any other accident, then is the time to be more than ordinarily upon your guard, that you say not anything which would add to her vexation. So, likewise, if your own mind be at any time ruffled by the carelessness or frowardness of servants, be more than ordinarily careful that your wife may feel no share of your resentment. Even, then, let a sight of her dispose you to meekness and love. Indeed, the more you frame yourself to be habitually mild and sweet to all, the less liable you will be to have your temper ruffled by sudden incidents. Above all, keep up the worship of God in your family, and in your closet. Let nothing interrupt your daily course of devotion. To that end, make it a rule never to stay late from home, if your wife be not with you.—
Diary of Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster.